

TO REGISTER ALL MEN OF AGE SINCE JUNE 5

Measure Offered in United States Senate Tuesday by Chairman Chamberlain.

AIMS TO HAVE MEN WORK

Another Bill Provides for Furloughing National Army Men for Harvesting Crops and Other Agricultural Duty.

(By Associated Press.)
WASHINGTON, January 15.—The government has decided on draft registration of all young men as fast as they become twenty-one years old, as the means of keeping filled the ranks of the war army.

It has decided against raising the draft age limit above thirty-one years. An administrative bill was introduced to-day at the request of the War Department by Chairman Chamberlain, of the Senate Military Committee, to register for draft all men who have reached twenty-one since June 5, 1917, when the draft law became effective.

Other administration bills introduced to-day by Senator Chamberlain at the request of the War Department will supplement the draft law to make it workable under conditions that have developed.

One would permit National Army troops furloughs for crop harvest work; another would eliminate enemy population from bases of calculations for draft quotas, by making the basis for each State the number of men available in class 1.

In determining upon the registration of men who have become twenty-one since the draft law was enacted, the War Department has rejected any plan to raise the age limits of the draft to men more than thirty-one.

Registration of men who have become of age since the draft law was enacted, was recommended in the recent report of Provost-Marshal-General Crowder as one of the means by which a supply of men for the National Army might be assured without taking those who have others dependent upon them. It would be done, also, General Crowder pointed out, by extending the age limit above the present line of thirty-one. The War Department has adopted the first suggestion. It is estimated that it will add about 700,000 men to the draft available each year.

Congressmen have been advised that further legislation would be necessary to perfect and carry on the draft, and the passage of Senator Chamberlain's bill with administrative support is expected promptly in the House.

Another bill introduced by Senator Chamberlain would provide a distinctive badge or button for exempted men. The bill changing the basis of State quota is believed to provide a more equitable system, as it will exclude entirely enemy aliens from the basis. Enemy aliens were included in the basis for the first draft, and there was much complaint. Heavy enemy alien populations in some congested districts forced Americans to army duty regardless of exemption claims to make up district quotas.

WILL USE MEN IN ARMY

TO GATHER IN CROPS
The bill to permit troops to go to agricultural work, merely would authorize the Secretary of War to furlough men for civilian duty. It is known, however, that the War Department intends to use the authority to provide men for harvest time and other agricultural work vital to the food supply.

To facilitate collection of private insurance policies held by troops, another bill would require private insurance companies to accept the official army record as proof of death of men among the army insured. It is designed to meet the cases of men reported missing to which there is no actual proof of death. In case of men reported missing, the bill provides for reimbursement to the insurance companies by the government.

ANOTHER BILL EXEMPTS U. S.

PAYING WAR TAX ON AUTOS

Exemption of the government from payment of the new war tax on automobiles is the purpose of another bill introduced by Senator Chamberlain, to deal principally with the large government purchase of motor trucks. Arrangements have been made by the War Department to fill from the second draft some time this spring the extensive vacancies in the coast artillery caused by the organization of provisional regiments of mobile heavy artillery for service in France. A limited number of men who have particular aptitude for the special work of the coast artillery were obtained from the first draft, but there is a deficiency of several thousand. Unless some unforeseen emergency develops, organization of regiments for foreign service in the corps will not be carried any further than to complete the units now in process of development.

Must Hasten Corn Shipments.

(By Associated Press.)
WASHINGTON, January 15.—Priority orders have been issued against corn to such extent that a large part of the nation's bumper crop of 1917 is threatened with serious deterioration if not destruction, Director-General McAdoo was told to-day by Representative McCormick, of Illinois, who, backed by a letter from Food Administrator Hoover, urged immediate appointment of a railroad executive experienced in handling corn shipments to devote all his time to the movement of the crop. Mr. McAdoo took the matter under advisement.

Street Accidents Number 26,145.

NEW YORK, January 15.—Police statistics show 26,145 persons suffered in street accidents during the past year, an increase of 1,651 over the previous year. Of the number hurt 2,295 were children under six years old.

Morgan—Dobbie.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
WOODSTOCK, Va., January 15.—John Morgan, of Riverton, and Mrs. Amanda Mabel Dobbie, of Orange, N. J., were married in the Methodist Church by Rev. J. R. Jacobs, assisted by Rev. M. S. Taylor, of the Episcopal Church. Mr. Morgan is proprietor of the Riverton Duck Farm. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan will be at home at Riverton.

The Weather

(Furnished by U. S. Weather Bureau.)

Forecast Virginia
Fair Wednesday;
colder southeast portion Thursday;
fair, North Carolina;
Fair Wednesday;
probably rain or snow west and east portion at night or Thursday.

Local Temperature.
12 noon temperature..... 45
3 P. M. temperature..... 48
Maximum temperature to 8 P. M. 48
Minimum temperature to 8 P. M. 33
Mean temperature..... 40
Normal temperature..... 38
Excess in temperature..... 2
Deficiency in temperature..... 0
Accumulated deficiency since Jan. 1..... 1276
January 1..... 179

Local Rainfall.
Rainfall last twenty-four hours..... Trace
Excess in rainfall since March 1..... 2.03
Excess in rainfall since January 1..... 1.19

Local Observations at 8 P. M.
Temperature, 35; humidity, 45; wind, direction, southwest; wind, velocity, 12 miles; weather, clear.

CONDITIONS IN IMPORTANT CITIES.

Place	8 P. M. High, Low, Weather.
Asheville	24 32 Clear
Atlanta	30 44 25 Cloudy
Atlantic City	30 40 Clear
Boston	28 44 22 Clear
Buffalo	14 22 18 Snow
Calgary	12 20 Clear
Charleston	44 56 42 Clear
Chicago	10 12 0 Clear
Cincinnati	10 22 14 Clear
Duluth	4 8 -10 Cloudy
Galveston	50 62 34 Clear
Indianapolis	42 50 34 Clear
Harve	10 10 -10 Cloudy
Jacksonville	54 62 54 Clear
Kansas City	10 18 16 Clear
Louisville	14 18 16 Clear
Montgomery	38 42 32 Clear
New Orleans	44 52 42 Clear
New York	40 48 26 Clear
Norfolk	38 56 36 Clear
Philadelphia	28 36 24 Snow
Pittsburgh	28 36 24 Snow
Raleigh	36 44 34 Clear
St. Louis	26 36 24 Cloudy
St. Paul	10 12 -4 Cloudy
San Francisco	52 56 50 Rain
Savannah	48 56 48 Clear
Spokane	32 36 30 Clear
Tampa	60 68 58 Clear
Washington	28 36 24 Clear
Wichita	4 8 -10 Cloudy
Wytheville	20 32 28 Clear

MINIATURE ALMANAC.

January 16, 1918.

Sun rises..... 7:24
Sun sets..... 5:16
Evening..... 8:37

KNOWING WAR IS LOST.

DESPAIR FILLS HEART OF

THE HUMNS WITH RAGE

(Continued from First Page.)

In full speed. After the war he was going to America and spend the rest of his life in the United States.

I will tell you it is in the nature of the Hun—he must hate, and unless he is hating something or somebody he is never happy.

I asked him point blank what he thought of the war. He looked at me for a moment, he looked at me, he was going to fly into a temper, but he controlled himself with an effort, and answered after a few seconds of reflection: "You will win, and you deserve to win. We have been too clever. We have gone too far, and must now put up with the consequences."

Our men are fighting on with the courage of despair. They know Germany cannot win, but they hope that if they fight on the allies will quarrel among themselves or the people in allied countries will weary of the war and force their governments to make peace.

I don't believe anything of the kind, but our men still think it possible, and they are encouraged in that belief by the high command. We are kept in ignorance of what is happening at home. Letters have been stopped by the censor, and even then the stoppage is not enforced all references to bad times are struck out.

PUNISHMENT FOR MUTINY IS

SERVICE ON WEST FRONT

"The result is that in the army we have had to establish a post of our own, and thus we obtain news of how our people are faring. What we hear is terrible."

"We are told from time to time of riots of hungry women and children congregating in the streets and being attacked savagely by military and police, who are afraid to refuse to carry out work of this kind because they know that if they refuse they would be sent off to the western front. That is the punishment for nearly every serious offense to-day."

In cases of treason, such as in connection with the revolts in the army and navy, they don't carry out the death sentence themselves. They say it would be a waste of German ammunition, which is already scarce enough. They send the prisoners on to the western front, where they are put into the front-line trenches.

Sometimes they are chained to machine guns, but, as a rule, there is no need to take pains of that sort. Death finds you soon enough where the British guns are.

In the army in Flanders the men are continually refusing to fight on. The night I was captured we were out with a patrol. We refused to go, but we didn't carry out the task given us. It was far too risky, because of the way the British were watching, so we had to give it up. We knew that if we went back with the story of failure we would be put on to some more dangerous work that would be as good as a death sentence.

We talked it over, and decided that we would try to reach the nearest British post to surrender. The officer in the party was against it at first, but when he saw we were in earnest he fell in with us, and we gave ourselves up to the British. I dare say we will be punished if ever the German authorities get to know, but I'm not going back to Germany.

Men are hurried back from hospitals before they are fit for duty, and they break down as soon as they get back. I had a case of the kind the other day.

"A battalion made up of men who had been brought back from hospital was sent into the first-line trenches. They had not been in an hour before they came out again. Some of them were crying like women or babies, and they had not the heart to fight. The doctors said they ought never to have been discharged from hospital."

"Many of our men commit suicide rather than return to the front."

"Of my own company, I know eight who have taken this way of escaping from the horrors of war within the last two months. In many cases they just put a finger or a hand out of safety in the hope of getting a wound that will help them to get away to hospital. The result of this

is that our command does not now permit the hospital staff to take away men that have lost a finger or other wounds that don't make them unfit to serve. All such cases are treated behind the lines, and you can see plenty of men without a finger or a thumb. I counted five close to me the day before I came out of it. The men who want to make certain of being sent away manage to lose an arm or leg."

MEN WITH ONE EYE ARE

FOUND ON FIRING LINE

"The price that men will pay for immunity from service is going up. First it was a finger, then a hand, an arm next, now, where the commanding officer is very strict or very cruel, which is the same thing, men will gladly give an eye or a leg for the chance of being invalided out of the army."

"You can't always be certain of that, however, for I have seen men with one eye employed in the fighting zone. I suppose it will be necessary to lose both eyes before you can make certain of being released from service."

That is the whole story. The common ordinary Fritzies are generally human beings like you and I. They are good, and some of them I found very good, but when they become officers they seem to turn Huns instantly. Now just to prove that I will tell you another experience of mine. I am again getting ahead of my story, but never mind, this is a good one, and I must tell it. The trouble with the Fritzies is that he is too obedient to his officer.

Just previous to one of our big attacks our lot went up to the front line trenches. It was to be a fight for pill-boxes, and from the nature of the ground we knew it would be a stiff struggle. It's a battle in itself to get through the mud, so things weren't exactly rosy-looking.

But it was all in the game, and we could only lie there and wait and figure out for ourselves how the obstacles would be reduced by the terrific artillery bombardment before we topped the bags and wallowed forward to our objective. It's a long experience in itself to get out under that awful shelling, a big experience for us, even.

What it must be for the Huns who have the steel, as well as the noise of it, to contend with, can be better imagined than described.

RED CROSS FLAG IS PUT

TO ILL-LEGAL USE BY HUMNS

One pill-box was within sight, and as I was watching it I saw four Germans under the Red Cross flag approach it and enter.

Well, I thought, that's all right; somebody's got hurt, or they're preparing. They must know that an attack is coming off—the bombardment was sufficient advertisement of the fact, in all conscience—but what was my surprise, a few minutes afterwards, to see, not four, but twenty-four at the very least, emerge again from the concrete fort, and all under the protecting sign.

They came out, cool as cool, and trotted off to their own lines in the most brazen and open way. I could scarcely believe it at first, but the evidence of my eyes could not be denied.

It was obvious, of course, that a trick had been played.

As I say, the Huns must have known perfectly well that an attack was brewing, and realizing perfectly well, too, from bitter experience, that we would carry that pill-box, just as we had carried others, they had determined to relieve their garrison.

But how?

Ah, the Red Cross! They had sent down that party of four, knowing that they would not be fired on by us, and then, with that sacred sign as their protection, they had got the big majority of the fort's inmates clear away, leaving only one or two dead-hands to work their infernal machine guns when our boys went over.

That was coming it pretty low-down. But it is only part and parcel of the way that the idea of fighting. No doubt they thought it rather smart, but I had a different opinion, and I was only sorry there was no officer beside me at the moment to witness the affair.

We had the satisfaction of carrying that place afterwards, but instead of the score or so of prisoners we ought to have had, we could only have eight, and I was only sorry that I didn't know what the exact fate of that particular pill-box was.

Probably it was blown to bits. I shall never forget the last trip I made. The going up to the front line was all right—but the mud. What mud and what a task getting through it and out of it!

And yet, despite it all, our boys went up as if on review, with rifles and bayonets slung high and jest on their lips. You couldn't call it a road, the way we had to go over. Almost at every part it was knee-deep in sticky mire, but through it we plowed, literally plowed, our way, helping each other as best we could, until we reached the front-line trenches. Here we were scrambled and then settled down to wait the first act in the drama which was to unfold itself.

The first act, of course, was the artillery, and needless to say, it was a great success.

LOOKING AFTER WOUNDED

UNDER HAIL OF BULLETS

Our special difficulties began when the boys went over, and we had to follow them up.

For a bit it was quite safe, or comparatively safe, behind the creeping, all-protecting barrage, but the further we penetrated into the "no man's land" before us and the nearer we got to the pill-box zone the less we could count on being safe from molestation while at our work. I don't mean molestation

from Hun infantrymen—these we only saw in the shape of prisoners—but from Hun bullets and shells. These were flying pretty thick at times, but we had just to risk it and go on with our duties.

It's curious, though, how familiarized you become with the worst possible conditions.

When you think about it, going out and tending the wounded under a hail of bullets seems a hopeless, if not an impossible task, but once you get over and get started all thought of risk and danger vanishes.

You become so engrossed in your work that you pay no more attention to bullets than if they were flies.

After all, what can you do? You're probably just as safe at the spot you are in as if you shifted to another, for you never know where the missiles are going to land. So you just go ahead and chance it, as the saying is.

And besides, you've so much to do that you even forget all about your "chances."

Well, we forged ahead all right, and things were going pretty well for us when, all of a sudden, disaster came.

One of my chums got knocked out, and I went to his assistance.

We were well into the danger zone by this time, bullets flying around everywhere and all the rear of battle around.

It was no good, I figured, getting him into a shell-hole, for these places were filled with water, and a worse place for me even than the open. So I sat there and performed first aid on myself.

Then—what next, think you? No sooner had I tied up my leg wound than—whizz!—another again. Another bullet had come and caught me right in the arm.

A second groan, and I would not have been able to finish the bandaging of my leg. You'd have thought some German sniper had been watching and had been good enough to wait until I got one job done before he gave me another to attend to.

I don't think I was just the luck, or misfortune, of war, whichever you care to look at it.

That was the end of my duties for the day—and for some time to come. INDIVIDUAL GERMAN'S ARE

NOT WITHOUT KINDNESS
I never came across any of the German stretcher-bearers at work, but they often helped our wounded. In fact, we hadn't to ask them.

They are always very willing to give a hand at the job, and on many occasions came forward voluntarily and offered their services.

That's all to Fritz's credit; but what stands to his personal credit as a soldier does not minimize in the least the guilt of his superiors in playing such tricks as I have described in the Red Cross episode. That's one thing about the Huns we can't get away with—the mean, dishonorable manner in which they take advantage of everything to

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help them out of a difficulty. Their officers are out to win the war by fair means or foul, and the foul seems more to their nature than the fair.

We got our objective, during the stunt which brought me my wounds, and on the way back I had an opportunity of witnessing how our men manage to get through their terrible task.

When I was creeping back, seeking what shelter I could from the bullets and shells which were still flying. I was hailed by voices yelling at me to have a care. I looked around and saw a party of highlanders lying down in a shell-hole, waiting a little till the iron hail abated, somewhat. "There's a pill-box down there," they said, pointing to the left; "we're out for it. Look out!"

My word, they were the hardy and cheery boys. How long they had been in I don't know, but they were waiting with a grim sort of optimism for their opportunity.

It came all right.

From shell-hole to shell-hole they crept, slowly, but surely, working around to outflank that infernal fort. It must have been a tedious, heart-breaking business. I say nothing of the danger—that was too obvious.

But patiently biding their time, they gradually reached the spot they wanted, and then, when the moment came, they were down on that pill-box in a swarm. Within a few minutes there was one tooth less in Hindenburg's jaws.

I had opportunity of examining several of these pill-boxes, and one thing particularly took my fancy about their construction.

They were of all shapes and sizes—round, oval, square and all the rest of it.

But I noticed that at the side pointing to our lines the walls were of tremendous thickness to eight feet. In some cases—with apertures for the machine guns, or, sometimes, no apertures at all except a back door through which they could run the guns, whirled into position at the side of the building, and then run them back again when our shells became too attentive.

But the point that struck me was that at the rear, the walls were comparatively thin, the idea obviously being that if we took one of them and commenced to utilize it to repel counterattacks, Fritz's guns would have a fairly easy job in cracking it up.

He's a sly chap, Fritz, isn't he? He knows what he is doing all the time, but our boys are getting the better of him. Even his pill-box defense is going the way of his other defenses.

But there's something better in that to add. Our boys are not only getting the better of him in fighting, but they are easily retaining the upper hand in morale. The German prisoners are bound to be despondent and seedy-looking—that goes without saying—but apart from comparisons, our boys are the cheeriest and most hopeful lot you ever saw. Through mud and rain they're forging ahead.

Nothing daunts them. They go up to

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